## **About Plays** and Players By BIDE DUDLEY

MES K. HACKETT, Viola Allen and the Hackett company, now appearing in "Macbeth," have begun rehearing Shakes-peare's "The Merry Wives of Wind-sor," and this comedy will follow "Macbeth" at the Criterion in the pear future. Later, other Shakes-pearian plays will be produced by the Hackett organization. It has been a long time since Broadway has seen "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

TRIBUTE FOR MRS. FISKE. TRIBUTE FOR MRS. FISKE.

Mrs. Fiske yesterday was the recipient of a unique tribute. A potition was sent her requesting her to give a special "professional" performance of her present vehicle, "Erstwhile Susan," now at the Galety, in order that those who are acting in other theatres might attend. The petition was signed by many people prominent in the theatrical and literary professions. The special performance will be given soon.

"PAY DAY" AT THE CORT.

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"Pay Day," by Lottie M. Meaney and Oliver D. Bailey, will open at the Cort Theatre next Saturday. Irene Fenwick heads the cast. "The Blue Envelope," announced for March 6 at this house, will probably be seen there later. "The Fear Market," now at the Booth, will move to the Comedy next Monday, taking the place of "Hobson's Choice," which will go on tour. The engagement of "The Fear Market" will not be limited. "The Greatest Nation" will come to the Booth Monday.

LISTEN-HERE'S ONE! "Say, listen!" eaid a woman's voice over the telephone, as we were writ-ing this column, "I'm a school teacher, and I got a joke for you. I won't give you my name, but listen— you can put the joke in the paper and, lawsy me, how my friends will sense."

"Yes, ma'am!" we replied.
"Well, listen! I was telling the boys in my class about Lincoln and Washington to-day, and I told them to try and grow up like those two heroes. Listen! A little Italian boy hops up and says he'd rather grow up like some one else. I'm curious, is I ask who."
"Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am!"
"And listen—he says he wants to grow up like Charlie Chaplin. Now whaddye know about that? Put it on the back page, will you?"
"Yes, ma'am!"
"Fine! Listen—I didn't think I had the nerve to tell it to you."
"Oh, we're very gentle down here."
"Shucks, you!"

When Georgie chopped the cherry tree (you've heard the story, old) his father placed him o'er one knee and started in to scold. The tree's demise made father mad; one palm was lifted high, when Georgie said: "I did i, Dad. I cannot tell a lie." The palm anne down, but not with force. Said Father: "That's a pip. I get you, kid, you know, of course, but gosh, I couldn't whip a boy that rapid in his bean. I'll get my fountain pen and write it for a magazine, and pick up live or ten." He did, and next he put the tale upon the ploture screen. Twas shown, and brought in lots of kalo, from Bath to Muscatine. And thus it's been immortalized as years have elipped away. This dope is right, for I was "wised" by George himself one day. THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE.

"W. HOWARD" IS A NUT. "Whispering Howard," known as the poet with a beart and a soul, has sent us the following effort, with the explanation that the impiration came to him at the Movie ball. He says a tady wearing a red hat made him think of it. So if you must blame

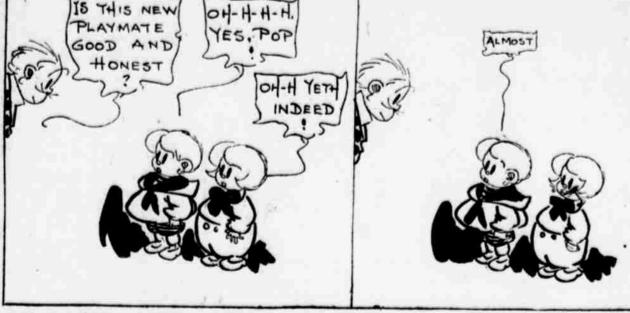
JOE NEVER DONE IT. se Humphreys says he didn't say, sandsome prize of \$100 for the most december costume on this here "while announcing at the movie, as Frank O'Malley would have believe. But if he did, Joe asseris, as because he was suffering with a ch of the rheumatiz.

BUT HOW DO I

KNOW KID CHEESO

PREPAREDNESS

"'S'MATTER, POP?"



WHAT DO YOU COULDN'T YOU MEAN. GET HIM TO TELL ALMOST NICKEL 5 OH-H-H-H-H, NO INDEED



FLOOEY AND AXEL-The "10-20-30" Must Be a Lot of "One-Two's" Grouped Together!

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By Vic



ALLRIGHT FRANK AY BANE READY T'BOX! ( AT BANE LOOK FOR BAS 1-2)

IM GLAD I TOLD AXEL TLOOK FOR THAT ONE TWO -THERE'S NO USE LETTING HIM STAND UP TO A SMEARING IF I CAN HELP IT!

HEY- VY DIBN'T CHA TELL ME HE VAS GONNA PRACTICE DAS 10-20-30" PUNCH TOO ?!?

HASENPFEFFER-It Looks as Though Henry's Clerk Will Have to Have a "Transfer" to Ride Any Further!

By Bud Counihan



LOOK HERE - DO OH! NO YOU TAKE ANY MONEY FROM THE SIR!







stay in New York. Boston will likely see "Stop! Look! Listen!" immediately after it finishes its Broadway engagement.

GOSSIP.

Ralph Kohn will marry on his birthday, May 21.

Tessa Kosta has succeeded Blossom Seeley in the Hawalian number in "Stop! Look! Listen!"

Robert C. McLean expert for the contract of the chicago last night with a business staff for the Colonial Theatre of that city. The Arnaut brothers, European grotesques, were added to the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" bill last night and made a big hit.

Michael Raddy, husband of Mrs. Helen Raddy, George M. Cohan's private stenographer, is dead. Interment will take place in Baltimore to-morrow.

"Stop! Look! Listen!"

Robert C. McLean, expert ice skater, is to begin an engagement at Castles in the Air to-morrow.

Yvette Guilbert will give a French printed. She also sings and dances.

BUT I WANT HIM

TO SEE SOMETHING

phy, Jersey City's "Singing Cop," is not a part of the third degree system.

FOOLISHMENT. of thoughts I'm new completely ou don't know what to write about, So listen, follo-what do you say! Let's have no Poolishment to-day!

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "I call my dog Oak."
"Why?"

"Here, new! That'll do you!"

By Thornton Fisher

By Eleanor Schorer



to bed, dear," said Bobby's mother. "Mr. G must be awaiting you this half hour." So in tumbled Bob, and sure enough there was Mr. G, and behind him stood Messrs R. A. T. I. U. D and E. Bobby bowed to Gratitude and Mr. G returned the salute. It seems to be etiquette in Alphabet Land for the capital letters to give and take all the honors.

"Bobby has arranged a bobbing party for us," announced Mr. G. "Very appropriate, eh?" Nothing could have been more so. The night was beautiful and the tall hills of Alphabet Land were inviting indeed.

On account of the large party Bobby used his big "flex" and laid his smaller sled aside.

Lickety split dewn they dashed. Bob had the swiftest flyer on the hill, "What bully sport it is," thought Robby. He would not have missed a minute of it for worlds!

Coming up hill Bob met the lad who had started from the top with them, trying to urge his clumay craft, made of barrel staves, to slide down the hill, but it was just too stubborn for anything. The lad looked longingly at Bob's "flex." Perhaps he seemed even sad. Anyway Bob gave him a sled and you never saw such a delighted, joyful, happy boy in all the world. He thanked Bob heaps of times and said he wished he could do something for Bob that he would like half so much.

How soon was his chance to come? Zip! went the bob. Bang! Plunk landed Bobbby. Doctor came, said Bob must have a certain magic herb that grew on top of a mountain miles and miles high.

It was GRATITUDE that prompted the poor lad to trudge these miles and miles and fetch these necessaries for Bobby.

It was not half so much the herb as the joy of knowing what the boy hed gone through to get it that made





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THE EDITOR SAYS

HE'S FULL- HE HEARS

HE'S GOT ALL THE

COMICS HE CAN USE

AND HE SAYS IF YOU